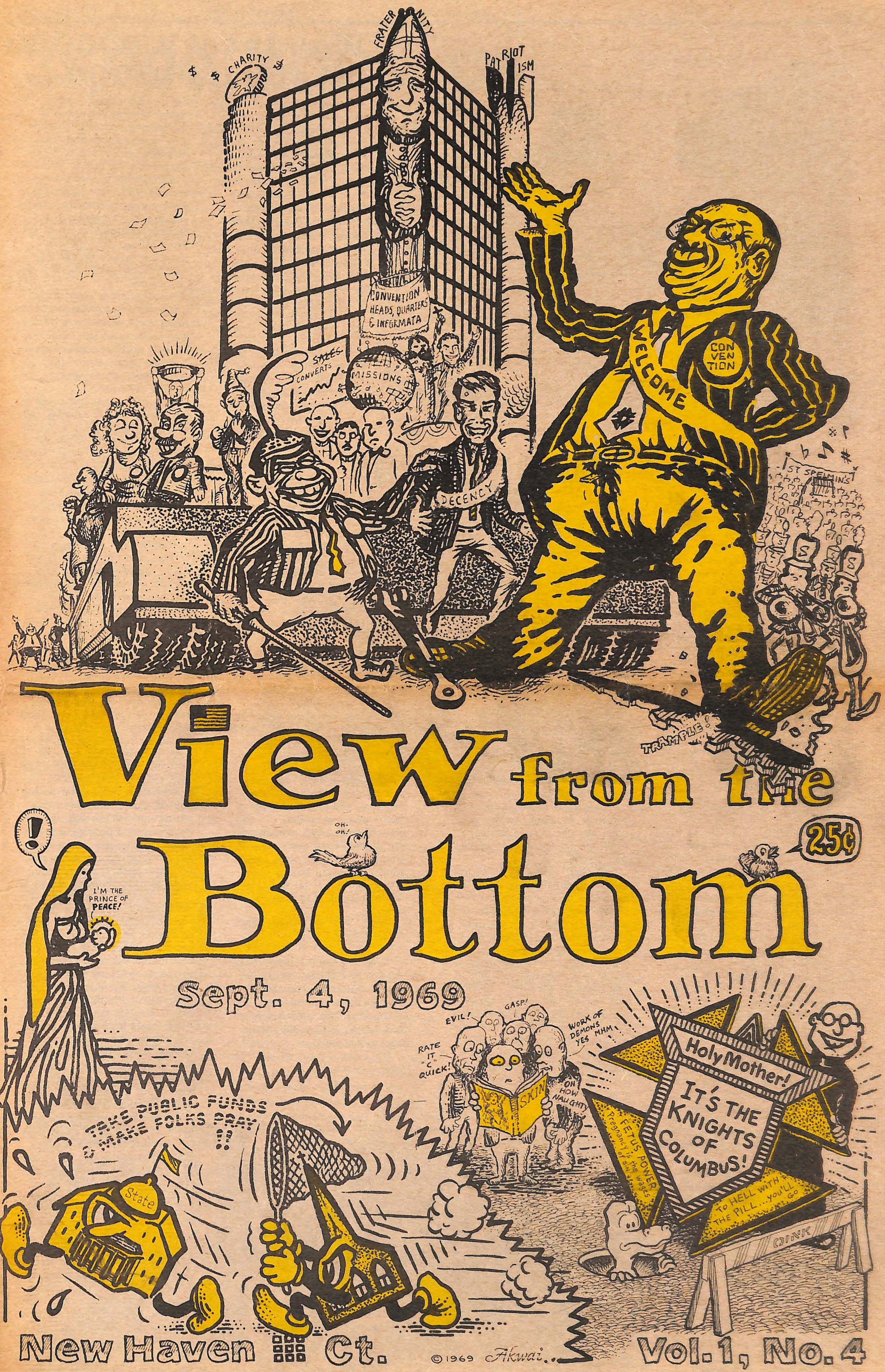


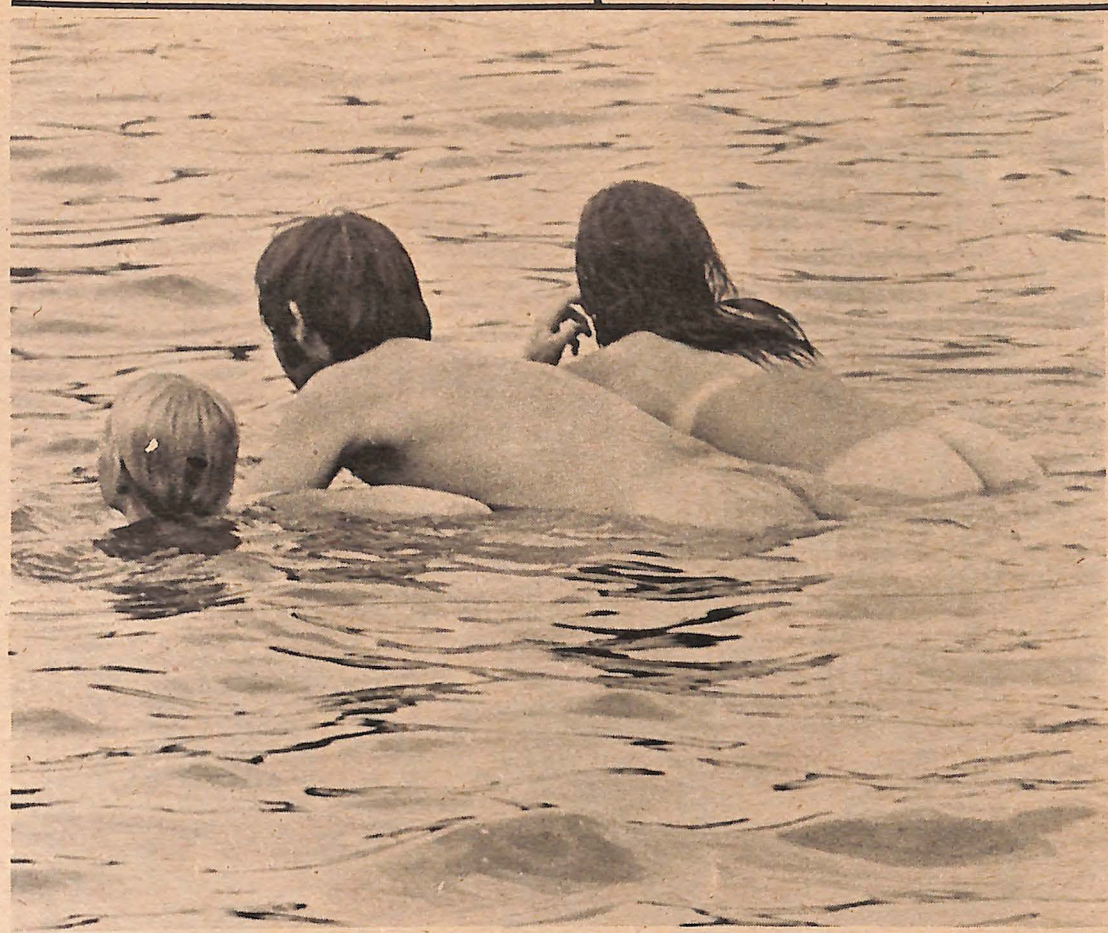
View from the Bottom

Sept. 4, 1969

New Haven Ct.

©1969 Akwai..

Vol. 1, No. 4



Woodstock 500000 Football 71000

Dick Satz

Seventy-one thousand people bought tickets for the Jet-Giant football game at the Yale Bowl and seventy-one thousand people came. One hundred thousand people bought tickets for the Woodstock-White Lake Music Festival and at least five hundred thousand came.

Cardinal Cook and Mayor Lindsay came to the Yale Bowl. The people came to Woodstock.

People drank booze at the Yale Bowl and got drunk and started fighting and everyone approved. People smoked dope and dropped acid at Woodstock and loved each other and everyone disapproved.

There was a big fuss because the first woman in history was allowed into the Yale press box (actually she had separate and unequal facilities just in front of the press box). But little did they know that the first reporter from an underground newspaper was also in the press box chatting with Howard Cosell and digging colors that everyone else missed (never mind how I got there).

The straight guy with the beer can yells "Hey hippie why don't you go to Woodstock where you belong? We didn't go to Woodstock because we knew we didn't belong. Why did you come here where you don't belong?" Little did he know I had just returned.

Woodstock was many things. It was the largest collection of freaks you have ever seen. Makes you wonder what that many of us could do if we acted together.

It was overcrowded: they ran out of food, water, medical supplies and space.

It was the worst traffic jam of our times: we left Saturday and it took us eleven hours to return.

And it was wet. It poured all Friday night and we got wetter than we could believe.

And Woodstock was the music festival. The sound system was really fantastic--from six hundred yards away you could hear every word.

Ravi Shankar is getting a little boring. Arlo brought the house down, but wouldn't sing *Alice*. It's one o'clock and they announce that it is now a free concert. The announcement was a little after the fact: no one was going to tell four hundred thousand "Sorry you don't have a ticket." Then Joan Baez. Most of the audience is cool to her at first, but she turns most on. She sings *Any Day Now He Shall Be Released* of her husband David Harris and we are moved. David is in jail for draft resistance and when Joan talks about him everyone yells and claps. Then Arlo comes back and they sing together.

People are freaking out on bad trips all over. Some shithead is passing out acid cut with rat poison, others peddling strychnine and belladonna. Imagine starting to go on a bummer and finding yourself in the middle of a few hundred thousand people.

But what got to me at Woodstock was the way people pulled together to help each other out of what could have been a really bad scene. Sure a lot of people only looked out for themselves, but for every damned capitalist selling cokes for forty cents there were twice as many townspeople passing out free water, iced tea, and even sandwiches along the car and people-clogged roads. Some kids gave each other whatever they had--marshmallows, oranges, cookies (you still had to buy most of the dope). People helped each other and pulled through.

The football game was another world. People honked their horns and yelled at each other to getthefuckoutatheway. They came to see somebody beat somebody else. They need a winner and loser. They yelled and screamed to kill the other guy. They hated the other side. They hated other people with a vengeance that was sick to see. They came for competition and they hated for it.

Grace Slick may have come to compete with Janis Joplin, much as Joe Namath came to beat Fran Tarkenton. But we didn't come to see The Airplane beat Janis Joplin.

Still I really dig football and music festivals.

Mudicus Aquarius

--Ron Savage

"Three Days of Peace and Music An Aquarian Exposition"

I kept looking out the car window at the other cars. Freaks. Hair everywhere. Short hairs too. Teeny-bops and Seventeen Magazine extras whizzing by in their sport cars. Everybody grinning and sucking down booze and smoking or dropping dope.

Suddenly we were jammed up but still moving-- 3, 5, 10 feet at a time. We were ten miles from the festival. People started riding down the other lanes. The craziness was starting.

People were riding on tops of cars waving, shouting. And all around just trees, fruit stands, and no cops. I was starting to feel real good.

Traffic jammed up again. We turned off the road, parked, and walked four miles to the festival grounds.

We dropped our packs and sat down to dig it. As far as you could see--people. Hundreds of thousands of them jammed into about a half-mile area but stretching back down the road and into the fields and woods for miles. This was Friday. By Saturday people were camping for 20 miles up the raod onto the center strip of the expressway.

200 yards away was the stage--the world's third largest. Huge towers with floodlights stood on both sides. Overhead the constant choppy roar of helicopters. I saw one girl look up at a low-flying copter and shout "Oh no, it's Berkeley!"

Mostly it was just tents, trucks, and trees. There was also a carnival with rides and cotton candy, a cornfield full of ripe corn, and an acre of little blue shithouses.

Thru the middle of it all was a small road where everyone who was going anywhere was walking and always there were cars, busses, trucks and bikes pushing their way thru-- bumping people into the mud and each other. Horns and helicopters endlessly. It sounded like my window on Chapel Street and smelled like it too.

"Fly a kite, sun yourself... breathe unspoiled air..."

Garbage was starting to mount up incredibly. Curiously there were no garbage cans anywhere.

I went to get some food. Giant crowds surrounded the stands. I got in and edged forward slowly. I looked down at my feet . Hay. I was standing in a cow pasture with my food tickets that said FOOD FOR LOVE and waiting to buy a coke and a sandwich. Weird.

That night it rained. A lot. By the next day ambulances and helicopters were taking people out endlessly, people who were sick, O D'd, and freaking out. Someone had given out lots of free acid that was poison. Probably belladonna. Everything was mud. In front of the stage people were falling down trying to walk thru it. The food stands and out-houses were sinking. Mud was 4 or 5 inches deep some places. In one place you had to walk on boards to get to the shithouses.

The water was fucked up and foul. It ran out by Saturday anyway. Coca Cola time. I got into eating ice from peoples' beer coolers.

Still there were a lot of groovy things. I kept trying to dig it but in the back of my head I knew it was fucking up faster and faster. There were no mosquitoes. They sprayed days before. Beautiful! There was a pond nearby where hundreds of people were swimming and sunning naked all afternoon. There were only a few cops on horses who showed up only once or twice a day, smiled, and split. No one was paranoid. You could buy every fucking kind of drug you every heard of just by walking down the street. Dealers were calling out their wares everywhere.

I dug it but it was too much--too many people. Tons of garbage, mud, people dying and flipping out all around you. One of the food tents had to be turned into a hospital. I couldn't find the trees or the air anymore. You had to be wrecked to function at all.

Three of us dropped some mescaline and started back to the car. It was the strangest, freakiest trip I ever had.

Slowly the crowd of freaks thinned out until about a mile from the car we found ourselves pushing thru a solid mass of juiceheads heading to the festival. Tons of them screeching tires, hanging off the tops of cars, screaming and hooting, throwing bottles and cans. All the while gangs of bikers were roaring thru, weaving their choppers in and out of people and cars. We were just getting off then, and when they started beating each others' heads in I was real close to freaking out. Cops, blood sirens...

Wow! What am I doing here!! Get me out of here!!

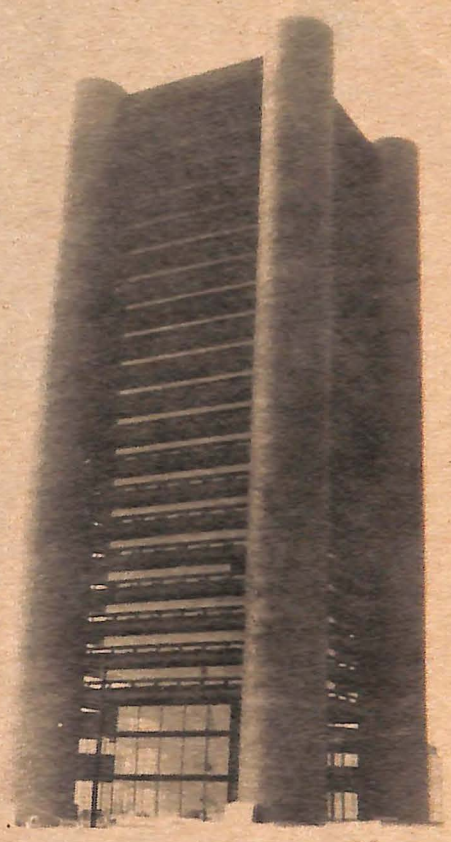
Amazingly it's over now. Sunday night in New Haven. Shitty but real. A half-million people are still out there-- washed out in the mud and garbage, wrecked out of their brains, digging the music, digging their heads...

It's groovy. I can dig it-- from here.

35,000 TONS OF . . .

See page 15 for exciting contest

Tom Cole



The Knights of Columbus will hold the 87th annual meeting of their Supreme Council at the Park Plaza here, August 19-21. The dedication of the 320 foot high international headquarters will take place on Tuesday the 19; Archbishop Luigi Raimondi will officiate at the ceremony.

Some 100,000 delegates and visitors are expected to flock to this city for the convention and the dedication of the new building. The Knights of Columbus are active in the U.S., Canada, Mexico, the Phillipines, Puerto Rico, Cuba, the Panama Canal Zone, Guatamala, and Guam. Their work is carried on through 5,600 local councils or lodges.

The Knights of Columbus was established in New Haven in 1882 as a fraternal society of Catholic men dedicated to mutual assistance and the spread of Christian idealism. The founder of the society was Father Michael J. McGivney, an assistant at St. Mary's Church.

One of the mutual assistance objectives Father McGivney had for the society was a modest insurance program which would provide assistance for the widows and orphans left by the working men of that day. The effort has grown into a $1.8 billion insurance program.

As of June 30, 1969 the society's total membership was 1,117,586. Of these, 431,001 participated in the company's voluntary insurance program; the others were associates. The total assets of the order amount to over $395 million.

The tremendous 23-story K of C building is the central point of what is to be a $17 million complex, which will include a coliseum, an exhibition hall, a 2,500 car parking garage, and a public plaza. The weight of the building, 35,000 tons, is supported by four towers, each 320 feet high, and 91 feet in circumference. The majority of the 160,000 sq. feet of floor space will be occupied by the various departments of the K of C. A limited area will be leased by a commercial bank and a few other private concerns.

The four towers of the building symbolize the four basic principles of the society--charity, unity, fraternity, and patriotism. These principles form the basis of Christian idealsim, the spread of which is one of the society's main objectives.

Charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism are principles which sound extremely lofty. But they are very vague and open to many interpretations. After all, 'fraternity' was one of the slogans of the French Revolution; 'charity' is a principle of the Ford Foundation; 'patriotism' was Hitler's tool; and 'unity' is an expressed goal of the Black Panthers. The K of C obviously does not embody all these interpretations. Its own interpretation and application of these principles within the context of today's society must be the deciding factor in an assessment of its social contribution.

The main programs which the Supreme Council sponsors, center around anti-abortion legislation, pornography restriction, urban problems, orphan care, Catholic education, scholarships, and Biafran relief. Local councils sponsor a host of other projects.

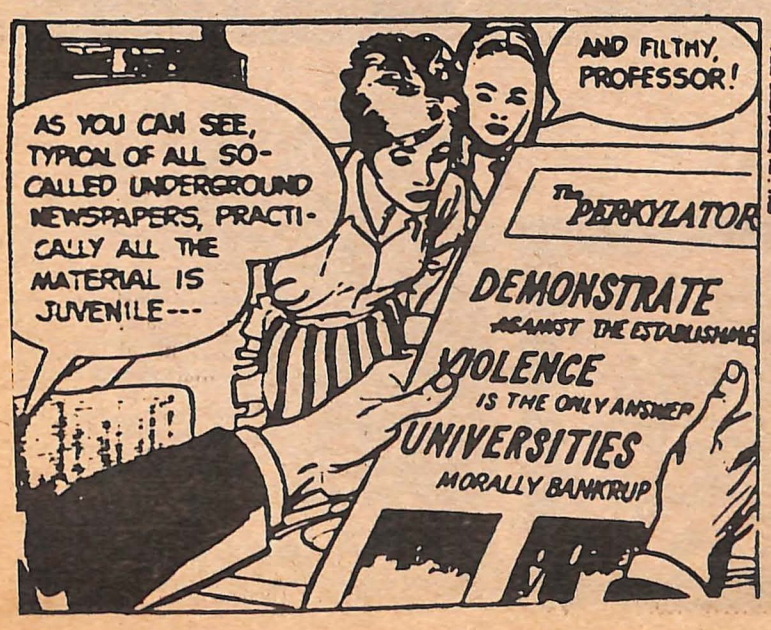
The Supreme Council donated $75-000 over a three year period to help fund the National Task Force on Urban Problems. This program's aim was to develop projects for dealing with poverty and discrimination. Twenty-two million Americans live in conditions of poverty; over half of them are Black and Puerto Rican. K of C's approach to the problem is the kind of elitism which reasons thus: "poverty and racism are problems of the victims of our society. We have to help them learn to take advantage of the opportunities they can have with education and training." This attitude ignores the fact that the distribution of income in America has been basically the same since 1900 and that equal opportunity is a myth in an unequal society. Equal opportunity and individual advancement are not ways to solve the problem. Greater equality enforced by self determination is the only path to the elimination of poverty and racism. And this greater equality can only come about when a large enough number of Americans challenge the distribution of income and wealth in the United States. The K of C programs might be able to come up with training and education projects to help the poor, but these programs could only be helpful on a limited individual basis. Thus the Task Force on Urban Problems can only help perpetuate inequality with the hope of individual advancement in a situation in which the K of C is sitting pretty.

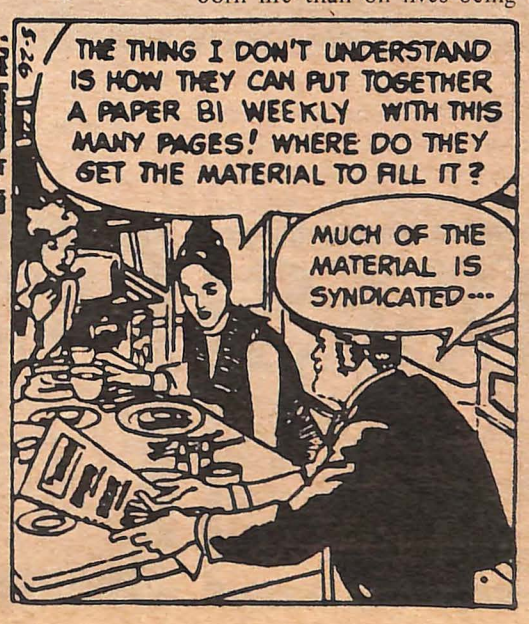
Ten thousand dollars was raised for the "Citizens' Drive for Decent Literature" program this year. The moral danger of dirty pictures and vicarious eroticism hardly pose a problem contrasted with the senseless bombing and wanton destruction of one of the earth's smallest and weakest nations. The moral danger of millions starving at home and billions of dollars spent sending men to a barren moon is surely a more worthy cause to fight for.

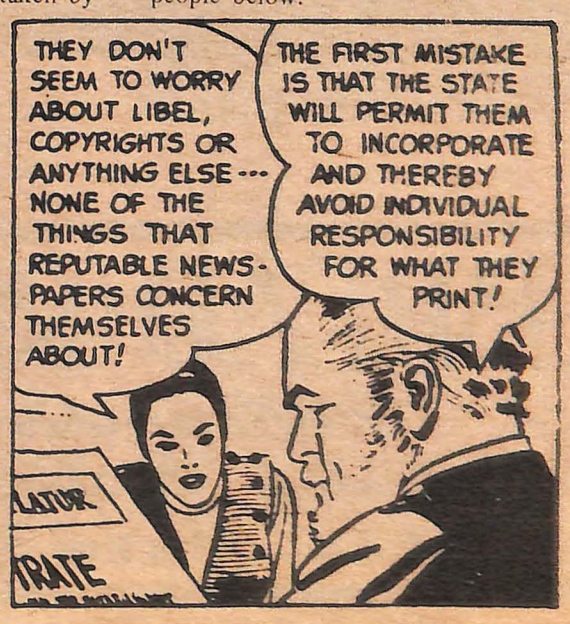
On the agenda at the convention are various proposals dealing with abortion and birth control. The resolution on abortion would place the organization on record as opposing "any and all legislation which would permit the taking of the life of any innocent human being." A resolution on birth control suggests that the Knights "vigorously protest any use of local, state, or federal tax moneys for the use of birth control programs." These positions seem almost unreal in a world where the population will double in 35 years and where hundreds of millions suffer from hunger today. The resolutions place a greater value on unborn life than on lives being taken by the inhuman methods of modern warfare. There are many other Catholic clergymen today who urge liberalization of abortion laws and widespread dissemination of birth control methods in recognition of the situation on hand.

Four resolutions are on the agenda dealing with student violence. One states that whereas "a minority organization known as the Students for a Democratic Society . . . does by sit-ins, rioting, and violence disrupt and bring to a halt the academic activities of our schools, resolved that the Knights of Columbus, while respecting the rights and privileges of all people, denounces the unlawful acts of the Students for a Democratic Society and we condemn them for what they are--a group bent on anarchy, violence, dissension, and ultimately the destruction of the American way of life." This example of uptight gibberish illustrates the way the K of C's right-wing politics revolve around the unquestioned sanctity of law and order. (Joseph Alioto, mayor of San Francisco, belongs to the society.) Justice is a side issue. Campus violence is unacceptable but war in Vietnam?--that's a different story.

In the last analysis, K of C is a society of Catholic men whose social committment is limited and subverted by its priorities. The organization is a private insurance company with assets and holdings amounting to over $300 million. Its politics are concerned with law and order, which protect its wealth--not justice and equality, which require that wealth be shared. The Knights are not burning with the stings of injustice suffered by men all over the world--they are speeding to the top floor of their Tower of Babel and throwing a few crumbs to the people below.







We all sat outside a big old house off Davenport Avenue and listened to him play his tiple and sing. Sometimes he played an E^b Harmonica.

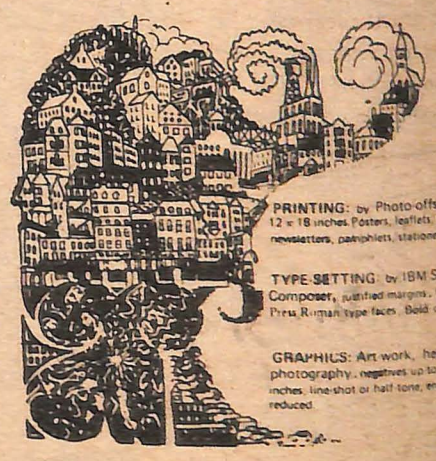
"I don't usually play well with other musicians," he said, apologizing for the difficulties we were having trying to improvise accompaniments to his songs. The tiple, which looks like a small guitar, cut through the warm, soggy air, and, combined with his high, reedy voice, brought neighborhood children who came shyly, stood and listened. "My father had one," he said, "and the tiple fingering is about the same as a ukelele. I got this one a few years ago from a store which had had it since it first opened its doors. It's a Martin, about 30 years old."

He has a contract with ESP, a small company which produced the Fugs records when no one else would. His first record came out last week, after a long wait—"They're very confused down there," he says, "but I somehow feel right about them in many ways—just the fact that they did my record so well means everything." It's a simple but austerely beautiful record, very personal, with just Ed, his tiple his songs and words flowing quietly... "Fancy that and listen to the moon in your mind And the golden water buffalo gaze at the sun And the tune turned in the sky and expired Out of sight, out of mind. Fancy sound in my head all the time. Love the dance in your dream, dance in love. Love the lovers who love to dance in the night And the song that you sing to the sun Turns into time. Fancy words."

To know him is to know instinctively what way to listen to his songs, or to look at the drawings he shows you when he thinks of it. I asked him for some, and I hope you like them as much as I do. I also hope his record gets to be a little better available—Ed hasn't even got his yet. I heard it because a friend bought it in New York, where it is being distributed by Peters International, but I'm not sure what I would do if I wanted one. But it's worth looking for, if your life can be reached by another's quiet and lyrical vision.

BREAD & ROSES
coffeehouse
Opening Labor Day
538 State St.

THE SKIN TRADER
1335 CHAPEL ST.
NEW HAVEN
SANDALS IN SIZES
NO WAITING!
ONLY $14.00



PRINTING: by Photo-offset up to 12 x 18 inches. Posters, leaflets, bulletins, newsletters, pamphlets, stationery, cards.

TYPE-SETTING: by IBM Selectric Composer, justified margins. Univers & Press Roman type faces. Bold or italics.

GRAPHICS: Art work, headlines, photography, negatives up to 12 x 18 inches, line-shot or half-tone, enlarged or reduced.

The Advocate Press
75 DAGGETT ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN. 06511. (203) 777-0900

THE LAW ACCORDING TO AHERN (AT YOUR OWN RISK)

1. Anyone can be on the green at any time in any numbers. Anyone can lie on the green. As of now, anyone can be on the church steps, until the church posts otherwise.
2. No one can panhandle, make abusive comments, or make loud noises on the green or anywhere else.
3. Any gathering of three or more people on the sidewalk is loitering, even if you are not noisy or obstructing traffic. If you are warned for loitering, you must disperse or you will be busted. You cannot return for three days, or loiter anywhere else for three days. (But on the fourth day...) If a group is asked to disperse, the whole group must disperse. Even if only two people remain they can be busted.
4. VFB pushers DO NOT need a permit. (in New Haven)
5. However it is illegal to solicit papers to passing cars.
6. But if a driver pulls his car over to the curb to buy a paper on his own initiative, the pusher cannot be arrested.

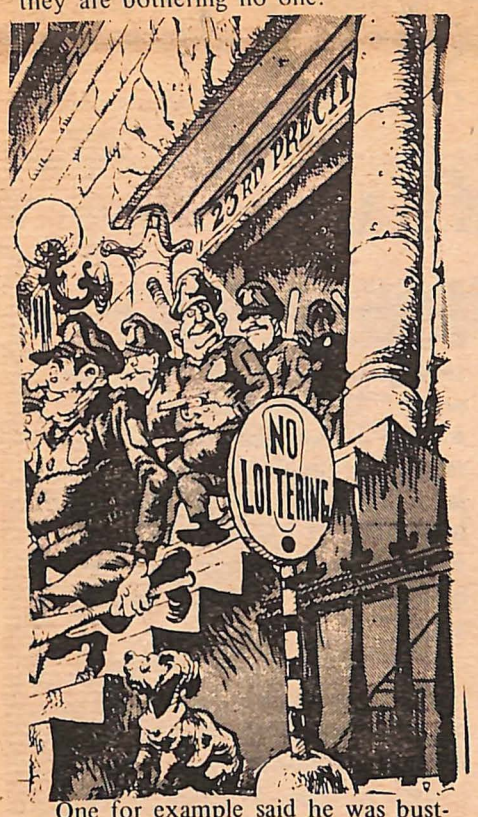
LOOK OUT KID

C.R. Lawn

IT'S SOMETHING YOU DID

Street people who hang out around the green, the exit steps, and the sidewalks have complained about increased police repression. They claim that police arrested 40 to 50 kids for loitering in a three-night period two weeks ago. Because police would not grant the VFB access to their blotters from the past two weeks, we have no way of verifying the accuracy of these statements.

While straight juicers who hang around Jocko's and often physically block the sidewalks are never hassled, the kids around the green complain of illegal arrests which occur even when they are bothering no one.



One for example said he was busted on the exit steps, which chief Ahern assured us was safe territory. Another related being ordered across the fence from the green to the sidewalk by a cop. As soon as he reached the sidewalk he was arrested for loitering. Kids playing bongo drums on the green received a warning from cops which resulted out of a complaint from a Yalie.

Hassles from cops is a main reason why hippies no longer stay out on the green at night, but have migrated to the church steps. Now some are talking of resistance if cops try to move them from the steps.

The Exit staff has reportedly decided to post the church steps off limits. The church had previously granted the Exit staff sole responsibility to administer the steps. Next summer the church is planning to renovate, to tear down the steps and replace them with bushes.

Two VFB reporters sauntered around the green looking for police activity Wednesday night. Though several large groups of hippies were rapping along the fence, no cops appeared for a long time. One finally made the scene and asked the people to move on. The two reporters were told to move on, even though a group of two probably cannot be arrested for loitering in New Haven.

One member of a local rock group who had just been moved observed "apparently we are a threat to them just by standing here and singing."

Police typically warn kids to move along without explaining the grounds for the warning. Failure to take heed can result in a bust.

The only incident of police harassment involving the VFB was the bust of two pushers and the confiscation of their papers for pushing without a permit. The kids were kept overnight in jail and were released the next morning when the judge reportedly admonished the arresting officer for making an illegal bust.

Police Chief Ahern is very interested in the VFB. At our interview, he inquired as to our sales. When we told him we were selling enough to stay solvent he asked us "to let us know when you sell shares. I want to make a buck, too." We had to explain to him that we have this thing about capitalism.

THE CHAPEL BOOK EXCHANGE
HARDBACKS
STUDY GUIDES
PERIODICALS
NEW HAVEN, CONN
(NEAR YORK STREET)
PAPERBACKS
NEWSPAPERS
1130 CHAPEL ST.
PHONE:
787-4004

I DON'T KNOW WHEN

C.R. Lawn

BUT YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN

"One of the problems is that the square has gone hep," lamented New Haven Police Chief Jim Ahern in an interview with five representatives from VFB.

Ahern assured us it is legal to be on the Green at any time. He is not concerned with the fact that kids are on the green, but is worried about their conduct there. Crimes like breach of the peace, disorderly conduct, begging and taunting have increased and caused a similar increase in the number of complaints, he asserts. "The police have a moral duty to respond automatically to complaints." So they send a squad car to look for violations. Ahern rejected the VFB's requests to see the complaints in wrting, offering the excuse that many of the complaints related to general conditions on the green or cam. from general conversation.

Warning us that the green is not a sanctuary, Ahern urged us to act as mediator between the street people and the police by letting the

Why is Ahern smiling?

kids know what is the law and urging them to cool it.

Don Steed, rejecting such a role, said "We are not going to be cops for the kids. We are not going to be Uncle Toms for the cops. Our goal is to create a situation the kids will be happy with."

There is some danger the green will be closed to hippies. Ahern's disclaimer "I'm not inclined to enforce where I don't have to," suggests that total repression is unlikely.

But the police department intends to research the law relating to the green, which is very obscure, because the green is run as a private park by a self-perpetuating board. Since the green has been in the past free, Ahern's purpose in researching the law may be to find statutes which will enable him to chase people off the green.

Police enforcement of local and state loitering statutes is a major hassle. The statutes, Ahern assures us, are very specific and not open to conflicting interpretations. Therefore, he reasoned, our complaint that there was a "lot of reason to believe the loitering regulation is not being equally enforced and being used for harrassment" was obviously unfounded.

When Ahern pulled out a law book and started quoting from the state statute, one of our representatives pointed out that he should check to see if the law had been amended. Continuing to read from the statute, Ahern retorted, "If you want to give me a law lesson go to Yale Law library."

Loitering (state definition) is a gathering of three or more persons assembled on a sidewalk or other public place "so as to hinder travel." Offenders must first be warned, and if they return to the spot within three days they can be busted.

There is no law against two persons gathering. But Ahern contends that if ten people gather, receive a warning and eight split, the two remaining can still be busted, even though if they had originally gathered without the other eight they would be safe.

Not only that, but the "hinder travel" clause means very little. It does not limit liability to those physically blocking traffic. The city statute does not even contain such a clause.

Not only that but the restriction against loitering for three days after the warning refers to loitering anywhere in town, not just where the warning was given.

If street people had any say in law enforcement these laws might be interpreted to give them a break once in a while. But it turns out that the cops give these supposedly specific statutes such a broad scope that they make a mockery of freedom of assembly.

Why? Ahern denies that the busts reflected a desire to clean up *the green for the Knights of Columbus Convention. He blames* instead the larger and larger crowds of people who have gathered on the sidewalk and allegedly abused passers-by. But what constitutes a crowd and what is abuse are subjective factors totally determined by the cop on the beat and his bosses. Our attempts to discover what criteria are used to define these laws were derided as "hair-splitting."

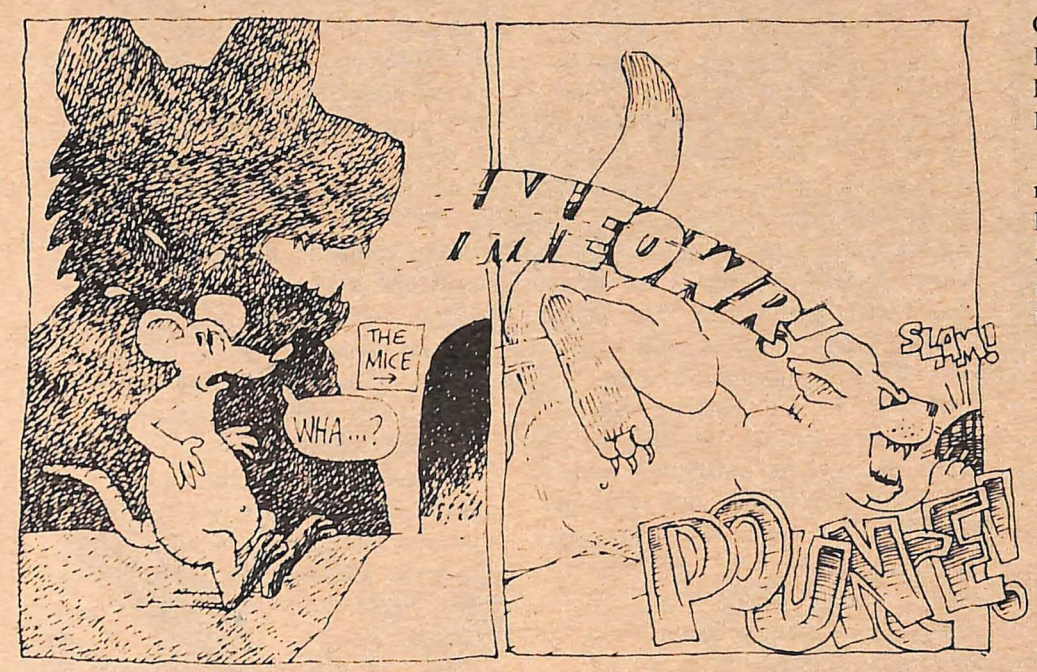
What it all means is that the law is determined by the very

community standards which we reject. Existing laws are always interpreted to protect those in power from the outsiders with different values. If a cop decides you're unpleasant to him as you stand by the green, if his boss decides you're offensive as you enjoy the New Haven sun (what sun?), then you're going to be told to move on. It never occurs either of them that the constant presence of police abuses your freedom.

"We have decided to call our legal and political defense committee 'The Conspiracy.' We are people whose work against war, poverty, racism, corporate and military powers is being called a conspiracy. We are proud of this work. We will continue it. We invite all Americans to join The Conspiracy, helping us to build a society in which people have control over their own lives."

8 of them ain't worth 8 of us

Charles Draper



Eight brothers are facing trial in Chicago next month under a brand new unconstitutional law of our developing police state. They are charged with willfully conspiring to incite a riot at the Democratic National Convention a year ago. Under the vague but harsh provisions of the new "Anti-Riot Act" it would be possible to convict on certain occasions the Beatles, the late Marilyn Monroe, the President of the United States or Joe Namath of crossing state lines to create civil disturbances. However, the repression is not directed at them. It is aimed at eight movement leaders who were instrumental in organizing a demonstration of the failure of the American political system, which the police manhandled into a riot.

"It is obscene for a government which has accelerated the bombing in Vietnam to daily four times that of the heaviest bombing raids of World War II to indict those who are trying to put an end to the slaughter. It is hypocrisy for an administration which has refused to withdraw its troops from Vietnam and therefore bears the responsibility for the death of 453 Americans in a single week to indict us for travelling to Chicago to demand an end to the war." The guilt has been laid on those who demonstrated for peace, rather than on a power structure that met effective protest against war with premeditated violence.

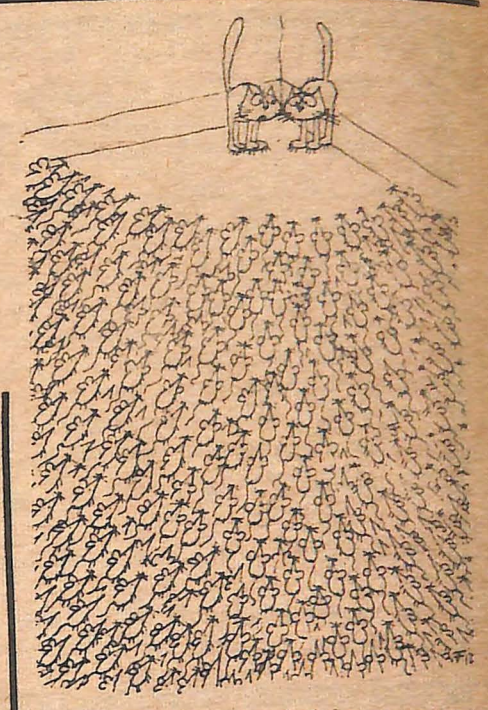
Eight policemen were also indicted for the police riot, as though the tools of repression are responsible for the violence which they are ordered to carry out. The people in power are the ones who set the stage for violence by refusing permits, ignoring demands for peace and justice, and preparing for battle long in advance. "If they really wanted to indict eight people from the the other side, I could suggest eight conspirators who are really guilty, beginning with General Westmoreland, Robert McNamera, Lyndon Johnson, Walter Rostow, the president of General Dynamics, Defense Secretary Laird, Richard Nixon, and of course Mayor Richard Daley," wrote Defendant Dave Dellinger.

Charges are pressed against eight nationally prominent activists. Dave Dellinger, Rennie Davis, and John Froines (who worked for awhile in New Haven) are leaders in the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. Tom Hayden is one of the founders of SDS. Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin are from the Youth International Party (YIPPEE!), and Lee Weiner is a graduate student at Northwestern. The most amazing indictment of all is against Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panthers, who spent less than four hours in Chicago during the convention. This is part of the government conspiracy to destroy the Black Panther Party.

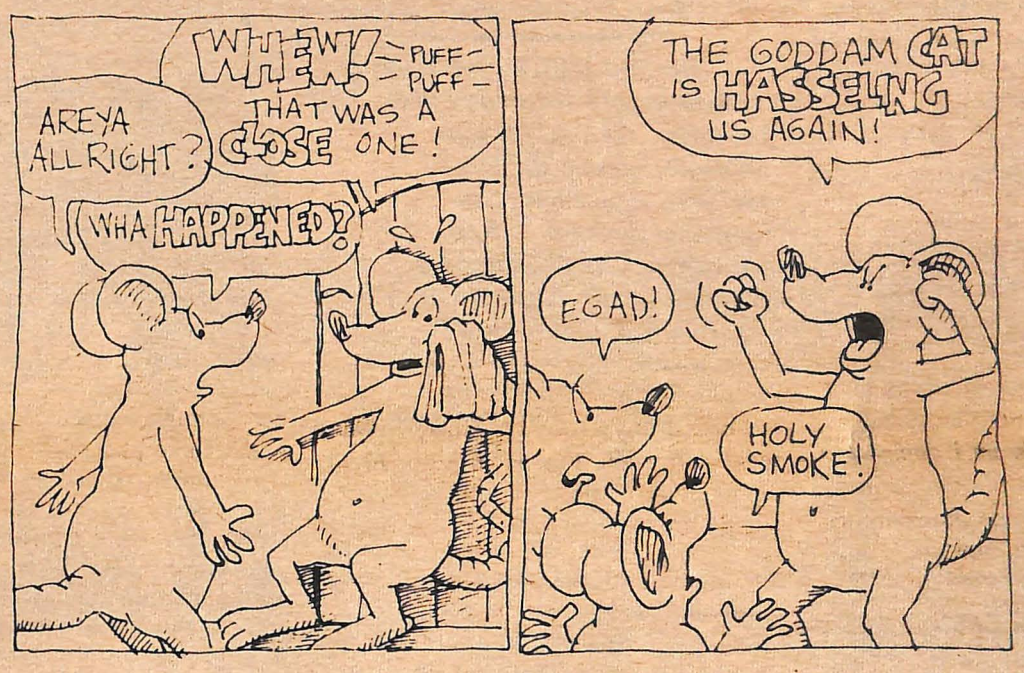
The Conspiracy staff has been cooperating with SDS in planning a NATIONAL ACTION for the fall. The main slogan for that action is "Bring the War Home!" -- a new and more intense phase in the struggle against U.S. imperialism. The action is scheduled for October 8-11, centering in Chicago with support actions throughout the country. On Friday, October 10, there will be a march on the Federal Building to protest the Conspiracy trial. The following day a massive march will be held to call for the withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Southeast Asia.

"The government is wrong in its assessment of how to wage war against the American people, just as it has been wrong for years on how to wage war against the Vietnamese people. The movement in which we play a small part will not be intimidated or pacified by putting us in jail. The movment is not controlled by leaders. It will continue to grow until the repressive conditions which have brought it into being are eliminated.

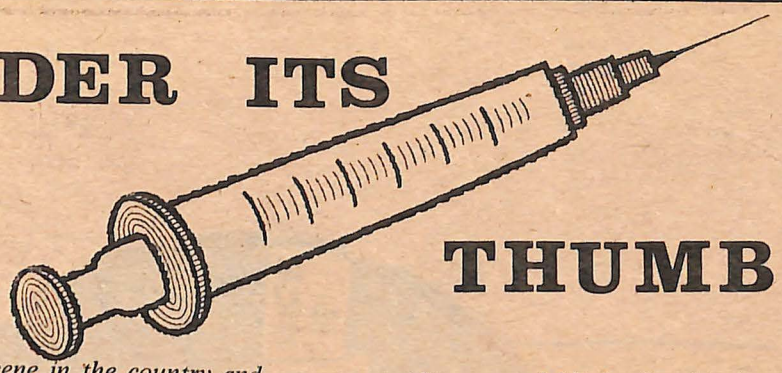
"The United States government thus repeats a classic error of all dying empires: under-rating the bravery of her youth."



Well don't just stand there—negotiate!



UNDER ITS THUMB



The drug scene in the country and New Haven has changed dramatically in the past year. Lots of us have become concerned that heroin (skag or smack) is easier to buy (cop) than grass or hash. We're not sure why and there have been lots of theories (see Vol. I No.1). All that can be said is that experienced street people have asked VFB to tell it like it is about skag. Here's an ex-junkie's personal experience.

It used to be weekends only, thats what I had promised myself, just on the weekends, but today is Wednesday ah shit what's the fuckin difference Sat, Sun, Tue, they're just days, just another day that's all. I'm not hung up on this shit. I just like it a lot, everythings under control. I'll never get a jones (habit). christ that guy I copped from was really fucked up. Wow 15 bags a day now that's doing some shit. Lemmee see now 2 bags ought to get me off alright, 2 BAGS! last week I was doing fine on 1 bag a hit, well two bags ain't 6 or 7. Matches, matches where the fuck----Um shit smells good cookin, boiling GOD DAMN! points pretty dull, won't feel nothing in a minute----boot it again, boot that blood back in, two times, three, fooour-----

As the arms of oblivion embraced me, I wondered for one brief moment, WHY? what the fuck am I doing---- and then my mind had no more questions, there were no more thoughts of the previous four hours spent in the street riding around block after block, looking for a connection, someone you know, and if you're bad off enough you'll even approach someone you don't know.

The paranoia, every unknown face is the man, until you finally cop! I have the shit in my pocket, drive slow man, you talk to yourself, drive slow, shit look at that fuckin squad car, is he following me? the cop on the beat, I know he was staring at me, he must know he's seen me go by before, slow down, got to get home, get off, yeah get off-----there's that feeling again, the slight nausea when you know the time is near, your salivary glands shift into high gear in expectation of that almighty shot, I taste it. I made it again, HOME, the tensions start to ease off, in my impatience I don't take the necessary precautions, dirty needle, dirty cooker, dirty works, fuck it all, I've got to get off! FINI, one cycle, only two more to go today!

The arms that embraced me only three hours before are loosing their grasp. Reality starts to come back into focus, I start to see my self and I panic, got to get some more shit, no bread, back into the street, hustle, take people off, friends, relatives, strangers, rob, beg, steal, cheat, plead, anything, absolutely anything to get them bags I need so bad, and if I'm lucky that day, don't get busted, my efforts are finally rewarded I cop again, I'm on my way back into forgetting what I just had to do to cop, erase the blackboard and start again.

FREE THEATER'S

IONESCO

Helen Epps

Ionesco has this rather maddening tendency of taking nice ordinary lives (as we all know are captured by cliches) and stretching them putty-like into the realm of the absurd. They (the lives, that is; or whatever it is we're talking about) try to hold on for dear life (so to speak) and they do manage to adhere to things like coffee cups, bread, shoelaces... or do they? Coffee cups, coffee cups, coffeecups,coffeecupscoffee...

To begin again: Ionesco has this exasperating habit of using up some dialogue in his plays to talk about theories of drama; telling about theatre and himself. It's almost as if you should spend time during the play trying to figure out whether the playwright is actually doing what he (or one or two of the characters) said he would or should do. Why should one go to the theatre for that...of should one?

Victims of Duty is by Ionesco and was presented by the New Haven Free Theatre Aug. 12-16. It began in a parlor and was pulled very far down and very far up. Jonathan Marchant did most of the traveling -- pushed into the absurd by Marilyn Carter and Peter Covette. He was searching for Mallot. That may not mean much to you now, and I really can't tell you who the gentleman is -- if he appeared on stage, he didn't rightfully identify himself. But it was a rather incredible search, even if they didn't ever find him. Of course, it was his duty to find him...

The members of the Free Theatre are somewhat less comfortable with the static forms of theatre, like drawing room conversations and lengthly monologues, than they are with movement and vocal games. In places, the production lost my complete attention; or more exactly, made me think that it was about to lose my attention. It always pulled me back though, and they managed the contradictions in the plot with skill.

You see, as Ionesco says or seems to say somewhere in the double-backs and forward-leaps of this play, there is a theatre in which contradictions should exist where they are not expected and vice versa; we have to get rid of identity and unity of character; we must use movement and the formlessness of becoming. But of duty? Ah, that can't be, unless we become its victims.

No, I don't understand it all either. That mysterious lady, for instance, played by Carol Gearhart. Or why poet Nicholas (William Gearhart) defers both to Ionesco and to duty. But ask director Andrew Friedlander perhaps. Or Ionesco. Or take in the next Free Theatre offering. You never can tell where the answers may lie.

LOCAL ROCK...

Peter Moncure

....local rock groups: bushy blue jeans, unintelligible original material or poor imitations of Dylan; performances for $20/night in ill-attended coffeehouses or teenage dance halls; amp hassles, balance hassles, nobody's together....

There are a few groups that rise completely above this scene, and Christopher Hawk was one of them. Was. Glen, the 19-year-old superbass player, is splitting..... "Have ya' ever seen Big Sur? Nice." He seemed tense, didn't talk much. "I see his point," said Rosemary from RDeeR (the group's booking agency), "he's only been in one group before this, and that didn't get anywhere, he wants to get out and see a little more."

Nobody seemed ready to admit that there just might have been personality conflicts. Joe Mendyk, the lead guitarist, seemed happy, smiling a lot, talking affably to anyone in general. He and the drummer are staying around here, and joining a group called Buckle, last I heard.

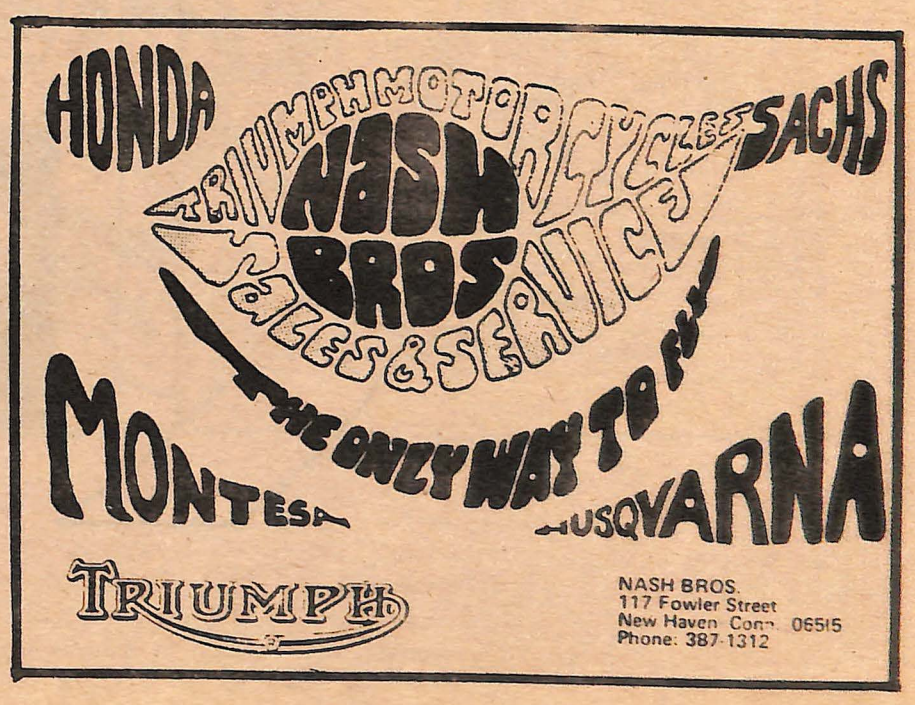
The light show also goes with the Buckle—it was pretty good, since the operators of the show (one of whom was a very sexy chick) were obviously quite familiar with the group and their music—even so, the show sometimes distracted me from the music, especially when Joe did solos; some of the slides were so complex as to be visually incomprehensible, using colors seemingly at random.

The band played very well, though the voices weren't loud enough to be quite distinct. After they finished their second set, at a prearranged signal, the group split and a prepared aural battering ram on tape regaled the suddenly strobelit audience, while flashbulbs and fireworks went off. The end. So many groups are dead—why?

It's just that. A Group, especially when (because of commitments or because of its function, like music) forced to squarely confront itself, is a Hairy Thing. Communes change personnel and die, families break apart or move to avoid boredom; why should rock groups, with intense pressures from within and sometimes from without, be any different?

Look at it the other way: how do you think, for example, that the Jefferson Airplane manages to sustain its interest in performing the same songs the same way, time after time? Could you?

By the way, if you want to meet and dig local groups, we're planning an all-day rock festival with ALL the good local groups, to be held on the seventh of September with lots of good vibes, so save the day for us, right? So long for now, folks.



GOD'S LITTLE ACRE
GROUP BENCH
CHESS 1 TO 6 SAT.
YMCA
TO THE CORN FIELDS
DINER
FOOD
CAPTAIN PANCAKE...
NEW YORK DELI.
N.H.'s sole Carrier of ARMENIAN TWIST! NO SHIT...
UNIMAGINABLE
THANK GOD FOR WHITETOWER?
DINO
SOUL ST.
YALE COOP
NOTHIN' TOO HIP HERE
PUB for all you gays
PIERSON
THIS IS A REALLY NEAT AREA!
BROADWAY TRIANGLE
BOOK WORLD
UNIVERSITY THEATER
ART & ARCHITECTURE
RULING CLASS HABERDASHERS
HUNGRY CHARLEY'S
ROAST BEEF w. RUSSIAN
IS NICE
FREE LUNCH
THESE LINES ARE A TRICK...
ART STUFF
CHAPEL ST.
SAYBROOK MYSTICAL PERFORATION
STERLING LIBRARY
LAW SCHOOL
Grove Street Cemetery
MARIO'S ICE CREAM
YALE
DINING HALL

PUB for all you gays
BOOK WORLD
UNIVERSITY THEATER
ART & ARCHITECTURE
$ $ $
RULING CLASS HABERDASHERS
BROADWAY TRIANGLE
HUNGRY CHARLEY'S
ROAST BEEF w. RUSSIAN
FREE SCHOOL
THESE LINES ARE ITCHY
CHAPEL ST.
ART STUFF
SAYBROOK MYSTICAL PERFORMATION
STERLING LIBRARY
LAW SCHOOL
Grove Street Cemetery
OLIVIA'S FOR YOU "ALL NIGHTERS"
YALE
YALE STATION
... YEA, HERE IT IS FOLKS!
TO SDS
CUT ON DOTTED LINE
WORLD FAMOUS PHONE BOOTH
MARIO'S ICE CREAM
Cross Campus
CURRENTLY A MESS!
WALL ST.
DINING HALL
RARE BOOK LIBRARY
NEW HAVEN'S FAVE ...
good music fall & winter
KARMELKORN ...ET AL
MOVIE STRIP
V.F.B.
HAWKERS
COLLEGE ST.
TAFT HOTEL
ICKY OLE
BLCH!
SUPER GREEN
PALE THE GREEN
ELM ST.
WYBC
SUPER RADIO
GOOD TIMES
GEORGE & HARRY'S
MORE YALE
TEMPLE ST.
New Haven
© GREG SMART 1969
GREEN
ALL THOSE BOTTLE FANS
PUBIC LIBRARY
(TSK, TSK)
GEE HAROLD, DID YOU SEE ALL THOSE LONG HAIRS?
DWIGHT College
GOOD TIME MAP
A SERVICE TO THE PEOPLE IN THE NEW TRADITION
TO PIG PEN
RUFUS' HOLE
THE WASTELAND
DANKS AND SIMILAR SHIT
TO THE "CRYIN' SHAME" COSMIC COMMUNE OF KRICKER AND MONCURE AND POPPER

MARAT WE'RE POOR

And the poor stay poor Laurie Zoloth

194 Basset St. is the welfare headquarters for New Haven and it is falling apart. Last Monday, however, a lot more than just plaster was coming down heavy on the heads of a very hassled Mrs. Sheahan, director of welfare allotments, and the staff of eager social workers. They were faced with a roomful of angry mothers and a budget that simply can't make it anymore. And both sides knew "there was something pretty funny when somebody who shows me men walking all over that moon can turn around and tell me that there ain't no money for shoes for my baby."

Even as Life magazine pointed out last week, nearly everybody is feeling that the system is working for somebody, but it sure isn't working for them. And they're angry. filled with a huge, nameless frustration. The welfare mothers feel the failure of the system most acutely-- they're on the bottom. What they demand is nothing more, really, than the system promises: adequate living allowance. They point out that kids grow fast, and need new school clothes to face winter. "All summer, kids can run around in old cut-off t-shirts. In fall they need warm coats and good, strong shoes. Why should my little girl be embarrassed by an old raggy dress?"

Why are the mothers on welfare?

A woman with children is forced onto welfare when her husband either dies, becomes disabled, loses his job, or leaves home permanently. Many men leave home because they are unable to support their families on the low wages their bosses pay. Since women's wages are even lower than men's, and day care centers are expensive and scarce, they can't take jobs but must stay at home with the kids.

save the lite of my child!

In New Haven, welfare families get only 69 cents per day for food for each person. As soon as a child is old enough to get a job, he is forced to quit school and take *any* job he can get. So the welfare system creates a source of cheap labor. With thousands of people desperate for work, the bosses can get away with paying all the workers less. It is only the bosses, not the workers, who stand to lose from higher welfare payments.

Landlords and merchants also benefit from the welfare system. Welfare clients, like all working people are faced with soaring rents, and many store-owners raise prices on the days when welfare checks are issued.

The myth is pushed that welfare clients have it easy, so that those with low-paying jobs turn their frustration on welfare recipients. This is a great idea that the bosses have come up with, and they use it in the shops too: turn the workers against each other and they won't figure out who the real enemy is and won't unite against him.

The mechanics of what went on at the welfare office are scarcely important, but the real militancy that the people showed was crucual.

Mrs. Sheahan says she doesn't like the budget either, nor does she like the new plan to cool the mothers off (the state is planning to give their clients a bonus for clothes, all right, but it will come out of later payments. This is all in the face of an over-all cut in the whole welfare check.) but the mothers aren't taking her sympathy. "If you are so upset, why don't you and your workers go on strike until they make some changes?" they retort. And a Panther support leaflet says: "Welfare is for the people! Why then must we beg for what is rightfully ours? The ruling class is keeping us oppressed. It is time we take action, now! All power to the people!"

What happens now is that the state will have to have hearings for each mother -- that will waste the state's money and everybody's time, but probably won't get the clothes to the kids.

The mothers know all about the state's legal games -- last year 28 mothers were arrested and only 2 got all their demands met -- but that only increases the anger, it doesn't demoralize.

They use words like fight and mean it -- they talk about bringing their kids down to Basset St. to make their point. The first day of school may see a sit-down strike there. Which brings us back to Life magazine and that anger we were talking about. If people are mad enough to make their demands on the system loud enough, are prepared to fight for them hard enough well, then, maybe that frustration isn't so nameless after all -- maybe it has a name and that name is revolution.

COPS STRIKE BACK

Orin Grossman

The role of a black cop is an awkward one. "Enlightened Police Depts." are anxious to recruit black policemen in order to "help create a more meaningful dialogue between mambers of the black community and the police." Translation: Keep the niggers quiet. But as the Panthers have repeatedly said, the need is not for a few black faces in every oppressive institution, but actual control of the society by all people. Until such a revolution occurs, there will be those like cops and soldiers, forced by their jobs to repress the very groups with whom they have the most in common.

All cops are trapped in this way but black cops understandably feel the tension more. Probably this tension, the realization that the very nature of their jobs is not in the interests of their people, lies behind the recent trouble in the Hartford Police Dept.

There, the Black cops have publically risked their jobs by speaking out against the racism on the force and conducting a "sick-call" *protest. Their grievances are predictable, given the standard city police* force. There are ludicrously few black policemen above the rank of sargeant. Out of about 60 lieutenants only 1 is a black man. Black policemen are invariably given North End ghetto duty and are never rotated with white officers for duty in white areas. Blacks are not respected on the force.

The response has been even more predictable. Police Chief Vaughn has docked pay from many of the strikers, even those with doctor's certificates. Vaughn has repeatedly put off any meeting with them to discuss the issues, and in general he has proved the black cops' point about racism with his every action. The most recent word is that some black cops will resign in protest.

The in westport...

RAGE

RECORD ROOM

@ ice cream parlor !!

... Rock-Folk-Blues only

LP's - 45's - 8 track tapes & cassettes!

oldies too!

ALL DISCOUNTED

227-1991 272 East State St. (Post Rd.)

ANOTHER

R DEE R™

entertain ments

PRESENTATION

the BERETS

to book:

389 5131

SPIRIT HAUNTS

Peter Moncure

SPIRIT came to town last 14th to do an interview, promotion or some similar publicity thing. They're musicians, folks. Ego trips, politics, money hassles–well yeah, they get into those sometimes... but their THING, their life is for their music. They're thinking in terms of six months from now, in terms of their twentieth album–they have all been in professional music for quite a while, and they know when they've found a good thing. It shows, too, in the professionalism with which they respond to being together.

"You're more free to create," said Randy California, "if you've got the experience..." and create they do. One of them is studying John Cage with a view to "opening doors to the dramatic side." In a taped interview broadcast on "the sound for young adults of all ages" they rapped about the WHO, for example.... they get into a dramatic thing-smashing guitars, well, that's their thing, and then they write an OPERA, doesn't pretend to know much about music, but one thing he does know is how a tune FEELS. He's able to take material we've recorded and synthesize where we're at at the time."

They see themselves as changing all the time. Their experience, when the five first got together, was very different, encompassing jazz and rock as well as tidbits of blues and classical thrown in for good measure. "Our first album, well, we just played all our own styles; it was the most natural to do. But by the second we'd already begun to think and feel things together. Now we all know each other very well, what each other's strong points and weaknesses are. We get into techniques. When Randy gets into a thing, we all recognize it as his, and we support him. That's what seems like ESP to the audience, but really it's just listening..."

"...and energy," another broke in. "I see solos as a way of recognizing a thing that someone is doing, and helping him."

That's what a group is about, and as they themselves said, there are few enough groups today who are 1) good musicians and can 2) offer something that your ear gets interested in. It didn't even have to be super-good music–they mentioned groups like Credence and BS and T on one hand, and the Mothers as an innovative group from which they learned. The album, as are their first ones, is quite worth hearing, if you like really listening.....

what a turnon. The drummer of the spirit has played with the San Francisco Opera Company, and is interested in multimedia presentations; "opera, and TV, all TV is multimedia... but you lose something when you combine. Listening to music with your eyes closed and watching the music happen are two completely different things."

Their producer is almost like a sixth member of the group; they described him as being analogous to a film's editor: "...the actors, actresses, camera crew, they all do their thing, but it's the film editor who takes all that film and puts it together in a sellable package. That's his talent, I guess. He

CLEAR

SPIRIT

ODE

AVAILABLE

AT ALL LOCAL RECORD STORES

THE USUAL RELIABLE SOURCE

VIET-NAM

Seven movement people returned from North Vietnam after participating in the release of three Navy men, and documenting the solidarity and determination of the Vietnamese people
Linda Evans, SDS, told reporters, "We believe the Vietnamese people should win. We're on their side. All the peoples of the world should be free from aggression, and the U.S. is an aggressor.

The FBI and customs officials were not too pleased about that: they whisked the Navy men off to their own press conference, while trapping the movement people in an elaborate customs procedure. They denied the movement recognition of its part in the release, and took away 12,000 feet of the film, which the State Department mysteriously impounded & then gave to Army Pictorial Labs for processing--just in case, you understand, it might be "treasonous."

SEALE

The panthers are being hassled again this time Bobby Seale, National Chairman of the party, was arrested after leaving the reception of the Minister of Education's wedding. Hewitt, the groom, said at least 50 FBI agents surrounded the car and grabbed Seale. Seale offered no resistance, but Charles Garry, his lawyer, charged that the FBI "pushed around" some of the car's occupants, including Hewitt's 4-year-old son.

"If they wanted him, all they had to do was ask me to produce him," Garry said. "They didn't have to go through this garbage."

The garbage includes charges of murder, kidnaping and conspiracy, and he is being held in the San Francisco City Jail on a charge of "unlawful flight to avoid prosecution in New Haven." He was arrested after a bench warrant was issued on Tuesday in connection with the supposed kangaroo trial slaying of Alex Rackley May 21. These charges are the most serious to be brought against a top panther leader. Seale had been in New Haven two days before Rackley's murder, making a speech at Yale. His lawyer said, "we're going to fight extradition every inch of the way. We're not going to allow him to be railroaded." Good luck, Bobby, from VFB.....

CAL.

Dow Chemical, infamous maker of napalm and Saran Wrap is beset by strikes in two plants in California. Workers in the Pittsburg, Calif. plant, supported by their brothers in Torrance, Calif. struck to get rid of a clause in their contract that would prohibit any worker from striking either for their own grievances or in support of fellow workers. They were joined by students from the local SDS chapter.

CONN.

Well folk, to everyone's great surprise, some more Panthers have been busted. Remember New York and New Haven; well now it's Union, Conn. Instead of bombing or murder, it's car theft.

Bail totaled $142,000, but for a change we're told that the five are now free on bail. The five arrested were Douglas Miranda, Defense Minister of the Party's Boston chapter, and David Quick, John Cheatham, William Jackson and Ida Walston, all also of the Boston chapter.

The FBI said that the five were arrested on the basis of a remark overheard on the New Haven Green at the Hiroshima Day Rally August 6. Maybe the arrest was a put up to justify having so many feds at peace rallies.

ALGERIA

"The culture of the oppressed must natually mean revolution" said Black Panther Party Minister of Education Ray "Masai" Hewitt. He and Panther Minister of Culture Emory Douglas had just returned from the Algerian Cultural Festival where they went to exchange information about the "madness in this country" and meet Eldridge Cleaver, Panther Minister of Information in exile. According to Douglas, "We're giving the pigs six months, going through legal means, to let us get Eldridge back into the country, and safe. If they don't come across, Eldridge will be coming back anyway. By any means necessary... he wants to be back with the people."

CHICAGO

People's park-- people taking back land from the powers that threw them off it. It's a good idea and it's happening in Chicago now. Urban renewal had evicted 1,500 poor people from their homes, which were torn down to make room for a rich people's tennis club. But the Young Lords and the Comancheros, two recently politicized street gangs, decided the people were going to take some action. Urban renewal means wiping out the poor so your city can look like white middle class America. That's a "Model City." But poor people need room and they aren't going to be squeezed out anymore. Work began Aug. 4 and the people are reclaiming their land. No hassles from the cops yet. Chicago was almost hypnotized into thinking that it was OK for a government to push people out of their homes. The people decided it wasn't-- and are going to build a park to prove it.

A ROCK CONCERT in new haven
in new haven A ROCK CONCERT

with

PULSE

FANCY

MUSTARD FAMILY

MARBLE COLLECTION

TENSION INC

MAYFLOWER

JASPER RATH
locaction & date in the
NEXT ISSUE

RESISTANCE
legal-aid coffee house
DRAFT ACTION GROUP
demonstrations guerrilla theatre
532 STATE ST 865-4982
counseling
NEW HAVEN

MEDICUS ACQUARIUS

Can you get VD from toilet seats?
Yes, you can. But it requires special planning. Your infected companion should sit down on the seat so that his or her genitals rest right on the porcelain. Then, within three seconds of the time your friend gets up, you have to sit down on that seat in exactly the same position. There are easier and more enjoyable ways of getting your own VD of course. The "love bugs" which cause the two main types of VD (syphillis and gonorrhea) need the warmth and protection of the human body for survival. Exposed to the cold hard world of toilet seats, they give up their little ghosts and expire within a few seconds. Counting to three before you take your seat should be sufficient protection.

Does cold weather cause colds?
Some years ago there was a health resort in England where people spent their vacations wandering around undressed in the rain and sitting half naked with their feet in pails of cold water. The group of doctors who were studying them discovered that these cold freaks didn't get sick any more often than people who stay dry indoors. The only way to catch a cold is to get infected by a virus, and viruses just don't give a shit whether your feet are wet. It's true that more colds are common during the winter. This is probably because people stay indoors more in the winter, and when people are enclosed in close contact, they're more likely to share their viruses. You might be better off walking barefoot in the snow. *If your old lady bitches, tell her* she's all wet.

Why do shrinks charge so much?
Private psychotherapy is damn expensive. In New Haven, most shrinks charge $30 to $35 for a fifty minute hour. (You may bitch that they don't give you a full hour, but neither do most grass dealers give you a full lid. It's our Chiseling Economy.) So psychotherapy costs about a penny a second. The time it takes to walk over to the couch may cost a dime. Arriving five minutes late is wasting $3.00. Psychiatrists' prices reflect the laws of supply and demand. There is only one psychiatrist for each twenty thousand people in this country. Shrinks are so scarce because there are relatively few medical schools in this country, and because training is so lengthly. The average psychiatrist spends about 27 years educating himself. The Medical Establishment (AMA, etc.) has helped create this situation by blocking the development of new medical schools (until recently), and by opposing efforts to shorten the length of training. By keeping the numbers of doctors low, they have kept fees high. There are some low-fee clinics in New Haven, and I'll describe them in another issue in this column.

To help me stop smoking nine months ago I started eating peppermints. I'm now eating two to three packs a day. Is this harmful?
Only if you inhale them.

Doctor Aquarius is an obscure New Haven psychiatrist. He welcomes your questions or comments. Mail letters or postcards to VFB, 532 State Street, New Haven.

SING ALONG WITH MITCH

Mitch Kapor

Hopefully this column will appear every issue with interesting tidbits and trivia of the rock field...New Releases to watch for... Love, the West Coast group headed by Arthur Lee, has been ressurected. They've recorded a new album for Elektra called *Love Four Sail.* All the personnel are new with the exception of Lee. Their last album, *Forever Changes,* was a classic...Together records has released the initial effort in its Archive series. *Preflyte* is the original Byrds recorded in 1964, prior to *Mr. Tambourine Man.* The album contains lots of fresh material and is a pleasure to listen to...Coming soon: New albums by Vanilla Fudge, Rhinoceros, Led Zeppelin, Jethro Tull, the Band...The sixth Jefferson Airplane album has been delayed by censorship hassles with RCA. One of the songs contains the line, "Up against the wall Mother-Fucker." RCA doesn't like , but apparently the line will go through after all. On *Crown of Creation* there was a line containing the word "bullshit"... John Mayall has two new releases. The first, *Looking Back,* is old tapes. The other was recorded live at the Fillmore this spring with his new band...Speaking of Mayall bands, we count at least seven groups having ex-Mayall members in them. Eric Clapton in Cream and Blind Faith, Peter Green and John McVie in Fleetwood Mac, Mick Taylor in the Rolling Stones, Aynsley Dunbar in the Aynsley Dunbar Retaliation, Keef Hartley in the Keef Hartley Blues Band, Jon Hiseman, Tony Reeves, and Dick Heckstall-Smith in Colloseum...Might say Mayall is the George Washington of British Blues... Rolling Stones' *Greatest Hits Vol. 2* will be out soon. It contains songs since *Aftermath* and will probably be released as a tribute to Brian Jones...The Live Music Scene...CTA and James Cotton at Oakdale were a stone knockout...The sound system is incredibly good...Sly and the Family Stone had a power failure at Quigley Stadium...Too Bad... Coming to Oakdale soon are Pulse and Johnny Winter on the same bill...Pulse's single will be a short version of Another Woman/My Old Boy...The Pavillion in N.Y., on the World's Fair site, is a good bargain for rock fans. There are at least 6 or 7 groups every weekend for only $3 a night...Check out the Exit for good local rock talent...The Who may become the Fillmore East's resident opera company if they perform *Tommy* for a week in September...Will the Stone Balloon ever reopen?...Censorship in the Land of the Free... WNEW-FM plays Ten Years After's version of *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl* but deletes the red rubber in the line, "I want to ball you all night long." Zacherly did a beautiful pissed-off bit about it...A station in Boston plays the Stones' *Honky Tonk Women* but deletes the verses, keeping just the choruses...Apparently "I laid a divorcee in New York City," is too risque for the American public...A New Haven station won't play Dylan's *Lay Lady Lay*...It's dirty...More next issue...

CONDON'S RECORD SHOP
33 BROADWAY
NEEEDLES FOR ALL PHONOGRAPHS
2000 8-TRACK TAPES
OVER 600 DIFFERENT CASSETTE TAPES!!

47 SAVE 47 FORTY-SEVEN CENTS ON ANY BEATLE L.P. 47 WITH THIS COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM GOOD TIL 9/3/69 47

50 SAVE 50 FIFTY CENTS ON A BEATLE BANK 50 WITH THIS COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM GOOD TIL 9/3/69 50

1.00 SAVE 1.00 ONE DOLLAR ON INSTANT CABINET CUBES 1.00 WITH THIS COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM GOOD TIL 9/3/69 1.00

39 SAVE 39 THIRTY-NINE CENTS ON BLIND FAITH 39 WITH THIS COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM GOOD TIL 9/3/69 39

53 SAVE 53 FIFTY-THREE CENTS ON ANY BEE-GEES OR CREAM L.P. 53 WITH THIS COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM GOOD TIL 9/3/69 53

1.00 SAVE 1.00 ONE DOLLAR ON A TABLE LAMP 1.00 WITH THIS COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM GOOD TIL 9/3/69 1.00

15 SAVE 15 FIFTEEN CENTS ON ANY COFFEE MUG 15 WITH THIS COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM GOOD TIL 9/3/69 15

70 SAVE 70 SEVENTY CENTS ON TOMMY 70 WITH THIS COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM GOOD TIL 9/3/69 70

$ SAVE $ PRESENT THIS AD AND RECEIVE ONE record cloth FOR 47¢ GOOD TIL 9/3/69 $

25 SAVE 25 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS ON ANY BOX OF stationery 25 WITH THIS COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM GOOD TIL 9/3/69 25

15 SAVE 15 FIFTEEN CENTS ON ANY INCENSE burner 15 WITH THIS COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM GOOD TIL 9/3/69 15

CONDON'S II
31 BROADWAY
WE SELL:
○ VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM
○ ROLLING STONE
○ FUSION ... AND MORE!!
ALL 45 RPM RECORDS 6 FOR 5.00
INCENSE CANDLES!!!
FREE GIFT WRAPPING AT ALL TIMES

LETTERS

Dear sir:

I have thus far bought three (3) issues of your furshlugginer thing, & I think that rates a little copy.

In addition to the above, I want to say two things to your readers and you:

(1) re the lunacy shot, purely as a discharge of bile & perhaps as an offer of reinforcement to whatever others are being progressively freaked out:

I find the fact that not MAN but AMERICANS (mutually exclusive categories?) have done this thing, & that so many of my fellow "men" revel therein, evidence of truly incredible insanity. It blows my mind. Call me sheltered (in the mental sense, not the nuclear), but I simply have difficulty adjusting to the stage of the world as a pen of pigs.

(2) I have spent the last few weeks doing an average of about 9 hours deadening work a day in a nuthouse, building embalming pumps at the outrageous 40-hour takehome wage of $68.18, after taxes. smash the fucking state man, I cant afford it.

(3) This one is optional: what the hell are you guys doing located on STATE street?

Love,
B. Land

People--

Exactly what is the function of **View From the Bottom**? If you're going to publish a political scandal sheet that's intended to upset the younger "masses", then stop making these token efforts at real communication, creativity, and interest. The paper has already become a one-note didactic on "where it's really at" and a forum for intellectual and personal frustrations; it's coming through louder all the time that you're trying to convert us.

Granted there are issues to get upset about-- you've touched on some of them but with generally unsatisfactory results. Take, for instance, the article entitled " Annie Get your Gun" (how obnoxious) in the latest issue. It's a worthwhile subject and concerns a lot of women very much, but that article was what is known as a real bummer. The ladies who wrote it are obviously trying to come down to what they think is my level by writing it in a tough, let's--go--out--and--kick--them--in--the--balls tone. Once again, you're having an internal dialog among yourselves, not reaching the young people who need the news. The approach is off.

Young people are interested in personal relations and communication. They relate through the mediums of music, poetry, the visual arts, bullshitting, sex, and dope. Politics deals with human relations but abstracts them to the point where most people don't feel the impact and are therefore not motivated to do anything. And that's what your paper has done-- it has cut off our senses, our imaginations, our intuitions, our sensitivities, and our creativities and is instead assaulting us with ideological issues.

Sincerely,
Emily Davidson

Dear friends,

I spent 13 months in Vietnam and got home just in time for your first issue, which was sold to me by some girl outside the Yale Bowl at the Janis Joplin concert.

New Haven has changed a lot during the year I was away, and mostly for the better. But the change, or rather innovation, that impresses me most is that we finally have an underground newspaper, and so far, it seems a damned good one, too.

I'm still in the service, and will be until Feb., so I need your paper-- it's something very comforting in this hostile, right-wing, military environment. It makes me feel like less of a minority.

Please don't print my name if you decide to print this letter. As you know, the military frowns on dissent, and even on individuals who think for themselves.

Once again, I'm very grateful to you-- for the mere fact of your existence. Keep up the excellent work.

Sincerely,
a G.I.

Peter Akwai Debbie Anderson Neal Beck Mark Caliendo Tom Cole Bill Crawford Richard Denigris Joan Dimow Charles Draper Hellen Epps Orin Grossman Robin Hicks Mitch Kapor Tricia Knoll Dave Kricker CR Lawn Robyn Lewis Peter Moncure, Dick Mann, Greg McAvoy, Bill Morico, Guy Nassberg, Rene Poirier, Andrew Popper, Al Riccio, Dick Satz, Ron Savage, Greg Smart, Don Steed, Meryl Zeidenberg, Laurie Zoloth

THE ZOO

Stolen Scott Stereo, model 2500, serial 0424571, July 23. (small battered speakers) Also missing silver necklace &earrings. Help! Police can't. Send clues to Box 492, New Haven. REWARD-- almost anything except money.

Don't give up on electoral politics: work for Hank Parker. We need you. Type, file cards, call people, pass out leaflets, wash cars, etc. Call Tom at 865-2155.

Give up on electoral politics. For a real change, work for **View from the Bottom.**

FOR SALE:
A 35 mm. Pentax "spotmatic" camera with built in light meter, in excellent condition, $250 retail. Price negotiable. Call Jim Green at 787-3131 ext. 8793.

Anyone interested in rapping about old rhythm & blues records? Call 734-3165 between 6 pm. & midnight. Ask for Don.

The bearer of this ad is entitled to one free chipmunk tail from the powers that be. Inquire at 624-3834.

Wanted: Subjects for Yale psychology experiment. Will pay $2.00 for approx. 1 hour each. must be male, college-bound, H.S. junior, senior or 1969 graduate. Call 562-1151, ext. 706 or 776-3724.

Divine principle: the basis for a new age. Ideology, lectures, and rap sessions Tues. 7:30 pm, Sun. 4:00 pm., 176 Mansfield St., 562-9396.

GROUP RELATIONS CONFERENCES: every other Thursday night at 532 State Street. Anarchists make hostile noises at Socialists. Socialists reciprocate in kind. YOU TOO CAN JOIN. Price of admission: your mind.

My chick is coming in from Calif.; needs apartment to share. If you have one or know of one, call me. Bob 934-7049.

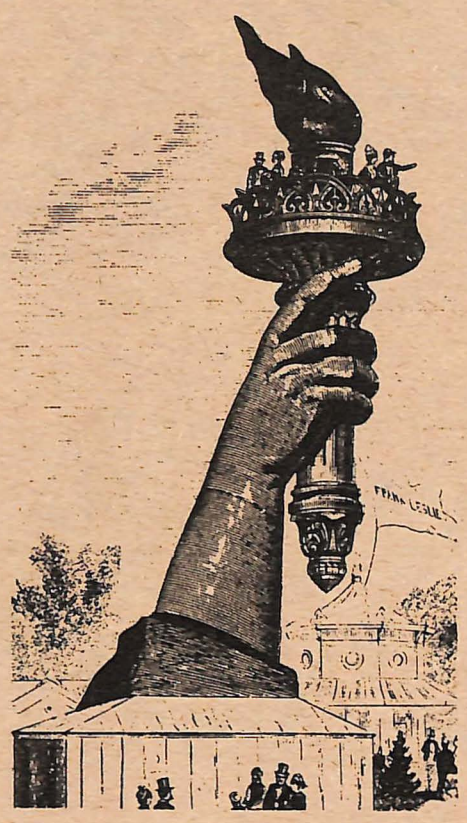
VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM
532 STATE ST
865-2486
FREE: INDIVIDUAL ADS (MAX 35W)
BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS
20¢ PER LINE
PAYMENT MUST BE ENCLOSED!

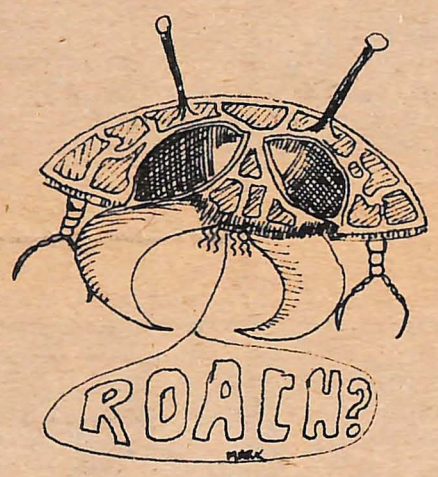
name.....
address.....
phone.....

SEE PLEASURES DO

THURSDAY, gasp the paper's out hooray
21 exit, rock: "poem"
21-23 city rummage sale, 6 Norton St., near Derby 1:30-4 ex. 10:30-2 on Saturday
21 new haven free theater, "Woyzeck"
21 lecture tour, "20th cent. Art", yale art gallery, 1 p. m. (ha ha, you missed it!)
21-25 john slade ely house, 51 Trumbull, shows Herbert Bain
21-27 donald mitchell library, 137 Harrison st. shows Sally Spiegel
21-29 new haven regoinal center art gallery, 455 Wintergreen shows John deJohn
21-31 post arts center gallerie, 2414 boston post road shows works of six artists
21-7/9 mattatuck museum, 119 w. main, waterbury: photo and decoupage... if anyone really goes out there, let us know o. k.?
21-15/9 "from the earth to the moon" woodcut illustrations from Jules Verne's novel at sterling memorial library, 120 high street
FRIDAY finds all of us madly selling trala
22-24 chester fair, chester
22 exit, folk music: jodi and joef, 9 p. m.
SATURDAY the suburban freaks visit the green
23 STEPPENWOLF at the new haven arena
23 what not sale, 158 broad st. Milford
23-24 cheshire fair, cheshire Grange Hall
23 antiques auction, guilford green 10 a. m.
23 outdoor flea market, conn. college, new london don't forget the farmer's market right here in new haven way out on Boulevard
23 PULSE, light show, "afterlight" at the exit
23-24 open barn tour 20 river road, foxon, e. haven
23-13/9 craft show at washington depot
SUNDAY the lord doth rain
24 folk dancing at Hendrie Hall 8:00

24 *freudian slip—light show hawke inc. at the exit*
MONDAY
25 *theatre night: exit*
25 muntu players, lee high school 8:00 p.m. advance
TUESDAY
26 play "the blood" and drama workshop: exit
26 muntu players, hamden high school 8:00 p.m. advance





WEDNESDAY
27 exit of wrath: god
THURSDAY he threw his hammer
28 wrath of god: exit
FRIDAY
29 tony mason: exit
29 blood sweat and tears, kennedy stadium 8:00

SATURDAY
30 the bone plus ed askew: exit
30—spet. 1 goshen fair, goshen

SUNDAY
31 silvermine: exit
31—sept. 1 annual haddam neck fair, had'm neck

MONDAY
1—7 art exhibit: regional jury show, essex art gallery, essex
TUESDAY
2 drama workshop: exit
THURSDAY
4—7 north haven fair and exposition, north haven
FRIDAY we predict hot
5 golden nectar goodtime jug band: exit
SATURDAY
6 roomful of blues: exit
6 second annual schooner race, mystic
CONTINUING TIMES
SATURDAYS
saturday's farmers market, 490 boulevard, 7am.—1pm.
the workshop, pumpkin hall, north haven high school, 8:00pm.
SUNDAYS
sunday flea market, 490 boulevard 7a.m.—1p.m.
niantic flea market (next to niantic theatre center) 10am.—6pm.
WEEKDAYS
ort value center 1327 chapel st., 10am.—5pm. mon. thru fri., 10am.—2pm. sunday
animal haven, north haven, 89 mill road, open 2—4pm., closed sundays, pets for adoption
bargain box, 899 whalley ave., open 10am.—3pm. mon. thru fri., 7—9pm. thursday

historic pleasures

Peabody Museum—170 Whitney Ave.	Weekdays 9–5, Sundays 1–5; $.25
Branford Trolley Museum—River St, East Haven	Weekdays 10–5, Sat-Sun 1–6; trolley rides $.50
Winchester Gun Museum—corner Winchester and Munson	Monday–Saturday, 1–4
American Clock and Watch Museum—100 Maple, Bristol	Daily except Monday, 1–5
Mystic Seaport (ship museum)—Mystic, Conn.	Daily 9–5, $2.50
Center Church Crypt (colonial gravestones)—Center Church on the Green	Tours Tues.–Fri., 9–12 and 1–4:30, Sat. 9–12
Barnum Museum—804 Main St., Bridgeport	Monday–Friday, 2–4:30
Farmington Museum—37 High St., Farmington	Tues.–Sat., 10–12, 2–5; Sun. 2–5 $.50
Mark Twain Memorial—351 Farmington Ave, Hartford	Tues.–Fri. and Sun., 2–5, Sat. 10–5 $.75
Hartford State House (historical museum)—800 Main St.	Tues.–Sat. 12–4 $.50
Henry Whitfield State Historical Museum—Whitfield St., Guilford	Daily except Monday, 10–12, 1–5 $.50
Hyland House—86 Boston St., Guilford	Daily 11–5 $.50
Thomas Griswold House—161 Boston St., Guilford	Daily 10–5 $.50
Judson House—967 Academy Hill, Stratford	Daily 11–5
Pardee—Morris House—325 Lighthouse Rd	Daily except Mon. 10–5, Sunday 2–5; contribution
Hill—Stead Museum—Farmington	Wed., Thur., Sat., Sun. 2–5 $.50
Old Mill Country Store—Saltonstall Place off Rte. 1 at the East end of East Haven	Daily 9–6
Silversmith Country Store—at Yankee Silversmith Inn, exit 66 off Merritt, Wallingford	
Bridgeport Planetarium—Park Avenue, Bridgeport.	Showings Tues., Thurs. 3:30; Sundays 2:00, 3:00, 4:00

tb, vd, blt

TB Chest X-Ray Clinic, Mondays and Thursdays, 11:00—1:00, Thursday evenings 7—9, 1 State Street, 1st floor.

Yellow Fever Clinic. By Appointment. Call 562-0151, ext. 437.

Free Immunization Clinic, primarily for New Haven pre-school and school children. Thursdays, 2—4, 1 State St., 1st floor. Polio, Small Pox, Diptheria, Whooping Cough and Tetanus.

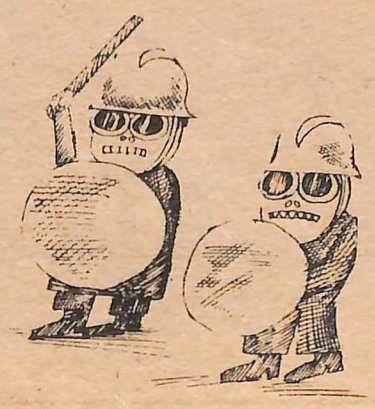
VD Clinic, free to Greater New Haven residents; Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 10—12 noon and 4—5, 1 State Street, first floor.

Planned Parenthood Center, 406 Orange Street. Clinic hours: Monday evening, Wednesday afternoon and Friday morning. Medical services and supplies available; call for an appointment: 865-4250.

Department of Health Family Planning Clinic 46 Webster Street, New Haven. Clinics also held at the Skill Center, Quinnipiac Terrace, Rockview, and Brookside Medical services and supplies available, Fee: $1.00. Call for appointment: 776-8763.

35,000 TONS OF....

The Prize: one year's subscription to VFB for the best "fill-in-the-blank." We decide as soon as we like one so hurry up and send it in. ONLY MAIL ENTRIES ACCEPTABLE (532 State Street). DO NOT CALL.



Gus Goosegrease

TAKE A GANDER AT THIS ONE!

HEY YOOZE GUYS. LOOKA' DA BROAD COMIN' DIS WAY. I'M GONNA HAVE SOME FUN. WATCH.

GO TO IT STUD.

HEY BABY! YOU GOT A REAL CUTE G**!

!

YOU GOT A PRETTY BIG SET OF G*O*S TOO. I'D SURE LIKE TA **G* YOU! WADDYA' SAY DOLL ?!!

?

HAW HAW

YEAH! WHAT A GROOVIE IDEA! 'CMERE HONEY. I'M GONNA G*** TH' LIVIN' *G** OUTA YOU, HANDSOME!

ULP!

HOLY CAM-SHAFTS!

HELP! MOMMA! POLICE!

COME BACK HANDSOME STRANGER. I LOVE YOU.

PANT PANT... I HATE HIPPIES!

END

WEE WEE COMIX

HEY FELLAS! LOOKIT TH' WEIRDY. HE SURE IZ STOOPID AN' HE LOOKS JEST LIKE A GUR...

...LET'S KILL HIM, TH' PUNK!

HAW! HAW! EAT SHEE-IT, WEIRDY!

WE GONNA CREAM YOU, YA' QUEERBAIT PINKO PIG!

YA' COMMIE DOPE FIEND!

HAW! HAW! EAT SHEE-IT, WEIRDY!

BIF

LEZ GO, FELLAS. IF WE'RE LUCKY WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO KILL ANOTHER WIERDY PUNK BEFORE SUPPER!

HAW! HAW!

AN' THUS, PATRIOTS, COMMUNISM AN' GODLESS PERVERSION IS CRUSHED BY LOYAL AMERICANS!

REMEMBER... STOMP A WIERD FOR JEEZUS!

SKIP WILLIAMSON 1968